



THE
President of Presidents:
OR, AN
ELEGIE,
On the Death of
JOHN BRADSHAW.



Could he the fate of Kingdoms doom? yet he
Not countermand prevailing Destiny.
Who could find *Law* 'gainst *Law*, condemn, and trie,
The *King-like Reasons*, *God-like Majesty*;
Should have gone on, me-thinks, seen gasping lie
The *Queen of Reason* too, *Philosophy*.
Nor should he have staid there, but by some new,
Strange *Jud.c'ture* have *Censur'd Nature* too.

But itay, Did he not think himself to be
Above the reach of frail Mortality?
[Having beheld the long-liv'd *Senate* die,
Himself become of uselesse *Property*.
And Generation from Corruption flow,
Another rising from their overthrow.
And that aspiring *Pyramide* to fall!
(The Father's greatnesse, the Son's funeral.)
And the forgotten *Carcase*, that had lain
Disanimated long, revive again.
Assuming (what was thought for ever gone)
Their *Power*, at their *Resurrection*.]
And rising with 'em, thought himself to be
Invested with their *Immortality*.

But, as a Flower on a *Chymist's* call
Rais'd, to attend on its own funerall.
Short was their Time, and soon expir'd their Reigne,
Returning to their *Chaos* back again.
Which *Bradshaw* sadly viewing, sigh'd, that he
Must now submit t'imperious *Destiny*.
For he, who kept their *Seal*, while he had breath,
Has yielded now to the *Broad-Seal of Death*.

Think *Justice* is not hood-wink'd now, but blind;
Style *Murder Law*, and *Cruelly* most kind.
That *Bradshaw*, (*England's Pilai*) who durst own
The *Act*, of murdering his *Sovereign*;
Usurp the seat of *Justice*, doom to death,
Whom God himself had styl'd a god on earth:
That at one fatall Sentence, and one Blow,
Lay butcher'd Maj'stie, and three Kingdoms too.
Drest in his sanguine *Roabs*, *Law* the pretence,
T'assasinate both *Law* and *Innocence*.

That, nor the horror of his crimes, nor sense
Of sin, could wake his sleeping *Conscience*;
And on himself, like a foul o'recharg'd Gun,
Recoil, and be his own destruction.
Or was the Sword of *Justice* dull? had he
Brib'd that too, to comply with *Villany*?
Must he expire in his soft bed? no force!
Could not the * *Place* inspire him with *Remoyce*?

Know, that his Crimes were such, transcended far
All Parallel, and must stand singular.
The wittiest Vengeance man could here invent,
Must fall far short of such a *President*.

There is no name to know him by. Nay, we
Ought to forget him, that *Posterity*,
Searching our *Records*, might no pattern find,
This to Re-act, but damn it to Mankind.
Should man attempt this Punishment, it were
To rob just Heaven of its Vengeance here.

Oblivion ought to swallow the intent,
And this *Example* find no *President*.

* *Whitehall*,
where he di-
ed.

T. B.

noyemb: m dc: Lix